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THE ECONOMY OF WASTE

by JOHN ADAM SMITH

A WORD for the crook, the gambler, spendthrift, superfluous public servant, and all others labeled as parasites. Justice has not been done them and least of all when they have been sent to the penitentiary or the bread line.

That is, if there is truth in the teachings of the New Deal economists.

Instead of classing them as parasites, they should be honored as public benefactors performing a valuable social service. Their imprisonment is an economic loss to the community because the cost of keeping them in prison is less than the cost of their liberty.

"Ridiculous nonsense!" Perhaps so, but it is strictly in accordance with the major premise of the New Deal.

Economic modernists or modernistic economists do not go to the length of defending parasites and criminals as public benefactors, but that is solely because they are not logical or lack the courage of their logic. They are so intent upon charging the capitalist system of production for profit with responsibility for breeding crime that they overlook the fact that crime cuts down profits and promotes a wider distribution of wealth. A criminal at liberty distributes at least ten times as much as one in prison. Imprisonment should be reserved for the thrifty who accumulate so much and distribute so little.

New Deal economists are not expected to be logical, but they should be reasonable and ready to meet the objections of common sense. For example:

If all our industrial ills are due to production for profit instead of for use; if we are the poorer because we are producing more wealth than we consume; and if we have unemployment because those making profits re-invest instead of spending them, then it follows that but for the crooks, parasites and superfluous public servants we should be still poorer and afflicted with still more unemployment.

If the national crime bill runs into several billions a year, then several billions are thereby diverted to consumption; kept from investment in more factories for the production of more surplus goods; kept from stock market speculation; and kept from fraudulently promoted foreign bond issues. The criminal steals American, but he also buys American.

New Deal critics of capitalism are not agreed upon many things, but they are almost as one in proclaiming that "Those who spend their money get too little, and those who save it get too much."

From this it follows that the parasite is a practical patriot. He roils not, neither does he spin, but how he consumes! Consuming everything he can and producing absolutely nothing, is he not thereby performing a double service to the community? Is he not just that much better than the citizen who produces no more than he consumes, and far more patriotic than one who consumes less than he produces and saves the difference?

If the new economists are right in their theory that it is more blessed to distribute than to accumulate, the spenders are the friends and the savers the enemies of society.

If they are right, then all the moralists are wrong; all or nearly all the Victorian virtues are economic vices and almost all the Victorian vices are economic virtues. The greater the sinner—if his sins cost money—the greater the saint or public benefactor.

Let speculation thrive and public servants increase and multiply.

That is until we have a remedy more promising than a mere variation of the industrial disease.

Chaotic mass production is bad; political and therefore chaotic mass distribution might be worse. Neither is the way of national welfare.

Periodic depression is the price of production for profit only; permanent depression might be the price of distribution for division only.

Economic justice—but that is another theory.

SERVANTS OF GOD

No. 21

From the Minneapolis Journal:

AUSTIN, MINN.—Rev. Edward C. Stauffer, pastor of a church at Blooming Prairie, confessed that while posing as a doctor he robbed an East Side drug store in Austin of \$73. Sheriff Ira Syck of Austin announced today. Stauffer is held in jail on a second degree grand larceny charge.

ALYPIUS IN A BROWN SHIRT

by ALDOUS HUXLEY

IN his "Confessions," St. Augustine tells a still distressingly topical story of a young man called Alypius who had (thanks to Augustine's own teaching) conceived a horror for the then universal, popular gladiatorial games. It was a theoretical horror, conceived on principle, for Alypius had always refused to witness a fight. One day, however, in the streets of Rome, he met a party of sporting friends on their way to the fourth-century equivalent of a cup-tie. "They with a familiar violence hailed him, vehemently refusing and resisting, into the Amphitheatre."

The performance began; but Alypius kept his eyes resolutely shut and declined to be a witness of the iniquities going on before him. Then, suddenly, as one of the combatants was wounded and fell, a great howl of ferocious glee went up from the crowded benches. Alypius' curiosity was roused; he could resist no longer. Uncovering his eyes, he looked. "But so soon as he saw that blood," writes St. Augustine, "he therewith drank down savagery; nor turned away, but fixed his eyes, drinking in frenzy unawares, and was delighted with that guilty fight, and intoxicated with the bloody pastime."

Civilized people are now trained, as Alypius was trained by St. Augustine, to regard cruelty and the infliction of avoidable suffering as morally wrong and aesthetically disgusting. Moreover, society is so organized that they seldom have an opportunity for gratifying their more ferocious passions. Such savage displays as the gladiatorial games are prohibited by law; and cruelty even towards animals is punished. (If certain sadistic and sentimental old maids had their way, it would be punished by further cruelty, in the shape of flogging. There is no inward, psychological contradiction between a maudlin regard for poms and pekes and a bloodthirsty hatred of human beings.)

Thanks, then, to the system within which we live, we have but the rarest opportunities for being actors or spectators in a scene of savage cruelty. But if this opportunity were suddenly given us, how would we behave? My belief (and it seems to be confirmed by recent events in Germany) is that a good many of us would behave as Alypius did. We should come, see and be conquered. "The strongest oaths are straw to the fire," the blood. And lust is by no means the only fire, nor by any means the worst. The impulse to cruelty is, in many people, almost as violent as the impulse to sexual love—almost as violent and much more mischievous. Early training can fix principles and inspire a theoretical disgust. But, given free play, a sudden impulse can undo in a minute the work of years. Moreover, by what seems at first sight a paradox, civilized men succumb more easily to forbidden impulses than do primitives.

The reason for this is obvious. In a civilized society, early conditioning can never be nearly so strict as it is in a small isolated, homogeneous and ignorant group. No member of a large and variegated community can be persuaded to accept any given ethic or world-view with the unquestioning faith of a primitive, for whom the folk-ways of his tribe are the only ways of living and thinking ever invented. Nor can anyone who has even heard of science believe in the absolute validity of taboos, or in the sanctions which are supposed to follow the breaking of them. When a primitive society forbids, its members obey; the Circumambient Pavlov has conditioned them so that they cannot do otherwise. But when a civilized community commands, no such automatic obedience can be expected.

Which is why the rulers of civilized communities take such good care not only to condition their subjects during childhood, but also (since such conditioning cannot in civilized circumstances be adequate) to deliver them, so far as that is possible, from dangerous temptations when they are grown up. In most countries Alypius would simply not be given the chance to become intoxicated with bloody pastimes. Hitler, however, knows better than the consensus of civilized opinion and, in Germany, Alypius is encouraged, not only to look on at, but also to act in, the gladiatorial show.

The Nazi movement is a rebellion against Western Civilization. In order to consolidate this rebellion, its leaders are doing their best to transform Modern German society into the likeness of a primitive tribe. Homogeneity is being forced on a people that was enjoying the blessings of variety. Proximity in space cannot unfortunately be abolished; but psychological gulfs can be and are being deliberately opened on every side.

Mentally and emotionally, Germany is to be made as remote from Europe as New Guinea. The last and perhaps the most formidable obstacle to the strict conditioning process of primitive societies is, as we have seen, the scientific attitude. Nazi philosophy has a short way with the scientific attitude. The duty of all Germans is, in Hitler's own words, "not to seek out objective truth in so far as it may be favorable to others, but uninterruptedly to serve one's own truth." An ethic of head-hunters is to be justified by a philosophy of paranoiacs. The result promises to be extremely gemütlich.

The French are the people most immediately menaced by Nazi fanaticism; and there is in this an element of poetic justice. For the two cardinal points in the philosophy by which the Nazis justify their violence were both invented by Frenchmen! Gobineau was responsible for that doctrine of race superiority, used by the Nazis as an aphrodisiac to arouse hatred for Gobineau's own countrymen. And it was Bergson who led the intellectuals' disastrous attack on the intellect, and so prepared the way for the systematized paranoia of Hitler. The sins and errors of the Brahmins are visited in a most disquieting way upon the low-caste masses of their fellow men.

Believe it or not, after some fifteen years of free and unlimited use of machine guns by gangsters, who have conducted all sorts of illicit enterprises from distilling to oil station robbing, and have murdered thousands, including bystanders, along comes a genius with the suggestion that perhaps it would be best to number and register said machine guns so that the possessors might be traced. But how about another genius to suggest that only the Government be permitted to manufacture and sell these destructive weapons, and to individuals properly registered and even thumb-printed?

HAWTHORNE AND MYTHS ABOUT PURITANS

by GUSTAVUS MYERS

Author, "Ye Olden Blue Laws," "History of the Great American Fortunes," "History of Tammany Hall," etc.

MULTITUDES have imbibed their impressions of Puritan ways from Nathaniel Hawthorne's novel, "The Scarlet Letter." It was he who popularized the belief that Puritans were rabid in a moral crusade which showed no mercy to women adulterers while giving immunity to the men implicated. His dramatic picture of the affixing of the scarlet letter upon Hester Prynne, exhibiting her to public infamy, has been everywhere and at all times credulously accepted as a true account of Puritan methods in the war against sin.

The curse of opinionatedness is by no means a phenomenon pertaining purely to our generation. In Hawthorne's day the same condition prevailed. Not a reviewer then showed the slightest acquaintance with the facts of Puritan life, or was prompted to raise a query. All reviewers commended Hawthorne's story as literally true to fact. A typical review in the July, 1850, number of the *North American Review* thus sustained Hawthorne's opinions by presenting more opinions: "Regarding the book simply as a picture of the olden time, we have no fault to find with costume or circumstance. All the particulars given us . . . are in good keeping and perspective."

Had anyone then or later taken the trouble to consult the official records of Puritan laws and court dispositions of criminal cases, he would have discovered the fullest occasion to find fault. In Hawthorne's time those records were as accessible as they have been since. So completely absent has been any suspicion of the monumental distortion embodied in Hawthorne's writings that he increasingly became elevated as a high authority. And, as a climax, there has now been produced an American opera based upon his story, "The Maypole of Merry Mount." Of the librettist we are informed that his researches in the history of Puritanism in America "revealed to him the intensity of obsessions that were frequently pathological as they related to sex and after-death punishment for sex-indulgence." This theme, we are additionally told, has furnished the librettist "with a wealth of invective." Where the "researches" were made is not disclosed.

Documentary records effectually reveal Hawthorne's ignorance. The true status was precisely the opposite of what he imagined.

But, first of all, a delusion must be dispelled. Modern times have seen a movement advocating a single standard of sex morality, and this has been represented as an outgrowth of a sense of justice distinguishing these more advanced times. But looking far backward we find that, at least in this matter of dealing with sex transgressions, the Puritan code not only embodied but enforced the principle of joint responsibility. There was no discrimination whatsoever against women. In all cases the circumstances were carefully considered, and if it were shown that the fault lay on one side, the offender, whether man or woman, received the punishment or the main part. But where full culpability of both in adultery was established, they were equally condemned and punished.

The current vagary of attempting to inject a "pathological" element into the Puritan attitude toward adultery and other illicit sexual indulgence is nothing more than a reflection of a sex morbidity of these, our own times. Neither, as so many historians, sociologists and others have so offhandedly declared, was Puritan rigor incited by theological fanaticism. At its worst, Puritan intolerance was no greater than that in England where the most intense bigotry was rampant, and where by force of law cruel punishments were meted to those opposed to the church in power. And in all of the colonies bigotry prevailed.

Why have not defamers of Puritans ever looked into the particular conditions that Puritan leaders had to overcome? In seeking to ensure sex propriety the Puritans had rational and most pressing reasons. In the Puritan colonies was a sizable quota of married persons whose husbands or wives still were in England; the lonesomeness of a new environment made temptation strong. Proximity of the Indians, too, opened opportunities for a species of intercourse which both Puritan authorities and Indian chiefs strove to check.

In the entire court records of the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay Colony, of which Boston was the capital, there is not a single instance of the scarlet letter being attached. There it was only for offenses other than adultery that letters were applied; upon the breasts of drunkards was placed the letter D; men convicted of lewdness with women had to wear a V; while on the hats of fornicators, both men and women, were put "great letters"—just what letters the records do not reveal. Branding with letters was an old requirement of English law, the savage features of which were greatly modified by the Puritans. In England letters were burnt in the left thumbs of malefactors; and it was not until 1707, in the reign of Queen Anne, that an amendment substituted whippings or fines.

If, in Massachusetts Bay Colony, there was for a few years a law decreeing death for adultery, that law was only a shadowing of English laws which long continued to ordain death for a great number of offenses, many of which are now considered minor infractions. And the application of the Massachusetts Colony law against adultery was mitigated by the court's demanding corroborative evidence of two witnesses. As this proof was rarely forthcoming, cases were usually dismissed. The few convictions obtained resulted from confessions. In but two cases—in 1641 and in 1643—were sentences of death ordered; in the first, only the man—Thomas Owen—was punished, the woman going scot free; both James Brittain and Mary Latham in the other case were condemned to death. In one other conviction for adultery John Hathaway, Robert Allen and Margaret Seale were spared death, but all were thoroughly whipped and were banished with an admonition never to return upon pain of being put to death.

The scarlet letter ignominy was a practise of the Pilgrims in Plymouth Colony in Massachusetts. The token was not the letter A, as Hawthorne fancied; it was the letters AD. Only two such cases occurred in that colony. One of these, before the General Court, on December 7, 1641, involved Alice Linceford and Thomas Bray of Yarmouth. The court's exact sentence is well worth reproducing: "They shall be both severely whipped

immediately at the public post, and they shall wear (whilst they remain in the government) two letters, viz. AD, for Adulterers, daily upon the outside of their uppermost garment, in a most eminent place thereof."

If found in any place in the colony without thus wearing the letters, those guilty of the negligence were to be severely whipped by the constable and forced to restore the letters. Additionally, they were to be openly whipped at Yarmouth as often as officials there requested. The other case was that of spouse Mary Mendame of Duxbarrow. Convicted of adultery with Tinsin, an Indian, she was sentenced to wear the scarlet letters upon her left sleeve during her entire abode in the colony, and to be whipped at the tail of a cart drawn through the town streets. Tinsin was subjected to a hard whipping "with a halter about his neck," the court noting as reasons why its judgment was not more severe: because his participation "arose through the allurements and enticement of the said Mary."

In other instances of adultery the court dispensed with command to wear scarlet letters, restricting its sentence to prescribing a repeated whipping. Both Thomas Bird and Hannah Bumpus were thus punished, the court including Hannah "for yielding to him and not making such resistance as she ought." And if, for fornication with William Paule, Katherine Aines was, on March 6, 1656, alone sentenced to punishment, it was because the evidence too strongly impugned her character. The court ordered that she be publicly whipped at Plymouth, afterward at Taunton, and she had to wear "a Roman B cut of red cloth and sewed to her upper garment on her right arm"; if ever found without it she was to be whipped in public.

Reputed to have been so benign, Pennsylvania Quakers enacted an anti-adultery statute even exceeding in ferocity the long-existing English laws. Compared to that statute, Puritan laws (except the short-lived death law) were the essence of mildness. Furthermore, the Pennsylvania law, adopted in 1700, came considerably after the Puritans had softened their severity. At their worst, Puritan Pilgrims never went beyond requiring the sewing of scarlet letters on the garments. For the first two offenses the Pennsylvania law decreed lashing and varying long terms of imprisonment; commission of a third offense entailed lashing and prison and the branding of the letter A in the forehead.

BIG BUSINESS AND POE

By a Philadelphia Newspaper Reporter Who Covered the Story But Who, For the Sake of His Job, Must Remain Anonymous.

THE 125th anniversary of the birth of Edgar Allan Poe, recently celebrated with all the savage press-agency of Philadelphia's more culture-aspiring Jewish merchants, was publicized as a great success.

While the banquet was officially given as a tribute to the man who nearly starved to death because of the innate conservatism of Philadelphia publishers, half of the speakers devoted much of their time to a touching eulogy of Richard Gimbel, of Gimbel Brothers' department stores, who organized the affair.

Most of the 1,200 persons who thronged the Crystal ball-room of the Benjamin Franklin Hotel for the dinner were either employees of Philadelphia newspapers or of large wholesale firms which have commercial relations with the Gimbel stores.

Advertising departments of newspapers were informed, very diplomatically of course, that their "co-operation" in making the celebration a success would be greatly appreciated. The advertising managers saw the light and purchased tickets liberally.

But despite this bit of cynicism regarding the methods employed to assure an excellent attendance, Philadelphia at last has seen Poe's "rose covered cottage" on Brandywine Street restored as it was in the days when the poet's mad genius gave the world the haunting melody of "The Raven," through Gimbel's yen to be a recognized patron of the arts.

The saving notes in the affair were the remarks made by Heywood Brown, who retained sufficient reportorial dignity to speak of the works of Poe, and not of Gimbel's contribution to art and literature.

Dr. William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, who once taught Gimbel, impartially lauded his former pupil and Poe. Miss Agnes Repplier and Nixon Waterman also contributed some remarkable remarks.

Gimbel did a noble piece of work in filling the speakers table with notables.

Major-General and Mrs. Smedley D. Butler, General Edward C. Shannon, Lieutenant Governor of Pennsylvania, Owen D. Young, and Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach were present. And it was interesting to watch the straight-spoken retired marine general as he listened to the tributes honoring one of our younger merchant princes.

But Gimbel did even better. He read a letter from President Franklin D. Roosevelt, a cablegram from George Bernard Shaw, and mentioned that the Governor of every state in the Union, all the United States Senators and a majority of the members of the House of Representatives had written congratulating him on his dinner.

However, it was a grand affair from the fruit cup to the spot of brandy and the Philadelphia press gave it the play it deserved in view of the Gimbel advertising. At that, it was worth it, for the papers keep their full page ads, the wholesale firms continue to sell Gimbel's, the younger member of the firm is duly recognized as a patron of literature, and Philadelphia has the Poe cottage restored.

WISCONSIN PLAYS MARBLES

by ERNEST L. MEYER

Editorial Staff, Madison, Wis., Capital Times

MADISON is the capital of the state of Wisconsin, and is surrounded by a chain of lakes and a peck of superstition. Wisconsin for generations has been regarded, and still is regarded, as the experimental laboratory of the nation. Here it was that the elder Bob LaFollette inaugurated his theory of Progressive Republican government, much in disrepute among the hard-heads of both old parties, but lately made respectable under the banners of the New Deal. The rumor of a Progressive Wisconsin persists, though it is as defunct as the rumor of a Solid South or a Naughty New York.

In the last state election there occurred a Democratic landslide, sweeping the LaFollettites to oblivion. The Democratic vacuum cleaner sucked up into the legislature, with a few swank exceptions, as fine a mess of carpet-baggers and miscellaneous rubble as ever littered our mid-west Athens. The Dems had not been in power since 1891, and had not expected to be in power until 1991. Hence, the state slate was a roster of forlorn hopes, a soup-line of jobless and incompetents, who put down their names in the wan hope of connecting with a \$100-a-month meal-ticket.

The election was an upset, a catastrophe, an act of God gone Andrew Jackson. On election night a local newspaper posted in its editorial room a list of leading candidates. A visitor wandered in, quite tinctured. He teetered to the wall, read the list, and said in a voice husky with awe and bathtub gin: "Jesus Christ, I'm elected!" He was an authentic, if slightly lush Democrat.

The party swept the state, and duly there arrived in Madison, with a mandate to elect laws for our great commonwealth, a car-load of sideshow artists labeled by common conspiracy: "legislators." They included an upholsterer, a railroad conductor, an 83-year-old barber, a diamond salesman, a rabbit farmer, a bricklayer, a manufacturer of soda pop, a house painter, a linotype operator, a manager of a bowling alley, a blind piano-tuner, an ex-Milwaukee street-sweeper, and an unfortunate who, after scratching his thatch, set down: "no occupation."

The new Democratic governor, Albert G. Schmedeman, an amiable and honest gentleman personally, is little more than a listener in the wings. He had been, and wanted again to be, minister to Norway, and looked upon his gubernatorial duties with ruefulness and some remorse. The real power in the state is Leo T. Crowley, the governor's chief counselor, an ex-banker, and receiver of a papal decoration for valor in the service of the Vatican.

Roman Catholicism, buttressed by an array of O'Malleys and Rileys in the legislature, is having its day in our state, which was largely settled in 1848 by free-thinking heretics from Germany. So much so that the legislature, after weeks of obnoxious obscurantism, passed an act forbidding the sale by drug-stores of contraceptives to all unmarried persons. Then it passed an amendment changing the word "contraceptives" to "indecent articles," under which a misguided apothecary might withhold the sale of suppositories, pistachio double-nut maraschino sundaes, or the novels of Viña Delmar.

The legislature, at this writing, is just winding up a special session called to pass a liquor control bill. The members have been capering for six long weeks. The other day, for example, Assemblyman Mahoney offered a bill to prohibit all free lunch in taverns, except cheese, crackers, pretzels, sausage and bread.

Assemblyman Schuer amended the bill by inserting the word "fish."

Assemblyman Ducholm, a farmer, amended the bill by adding the words "butter and eggs."

The complete bill, as amended, was read by the clerk. It stated that all free lunch in taverns will be prohibited "except butter, eggs, cheese, crackers, fish, pretzels, sausage, pickles and cabbage."

Nobody knew where the pickles and cabbage had come from. It was, obviously, a conspiracy of the state pickle-belt. The mystery plunged the assembly into a protracted huddle on points of order. Wisconsin's new Democracy was going full blast, slightly impeded by pickles, cabbage and Roberts' Rules.

Assemblyman Shortner finally amended the bill to include milk.

Assemblyman Crimes added meat.

Two weeks later—two weeks—the assembly passed the bill. It prohibits all free lunch "except pop-corn, cheese, crackers, pretzels, fish, bread and butter."

It is now in the statute books. It is a victory for Democracy, Thomas Jefferson, pop-corn, pretzels, and fish. But a terrible blow to the pickle and cabbage counties.

And the senate! For more than an hour, on a January afternoon, the senate held sulphurous debate over a bag of marbles. It started when Senator Polakowski, Socialist, cried that the Democratic legislature was acting like a kindergarten, and sent a bag of marbles to the chief clerk for distribution among the senators. After outcry and uproar, Senator Fons put the chamber under a call on a motion that the marbles be returned to Polakowski. The marbles were sent back. Somebody in the galleries whistled "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls."

After six weeks of sausage, pretzels, and marbles, the state legislature, summoned to enact a state liquor control law, passed the buck back to city administrations by voting a local control bill.

The session had cost the state taxpayers about \$260,000. Two hundred thousand lost in liquor taxes due to delay, and \$60,000 for session expenses. It costs \$1,000 a day to operate the legislative halls in which the voices of the elder La Follette and the young La Follette once moved their followers to enact the radical railroad, utility, labor, and insurance legislation which, in the far away and long ago, lifted our state into the spotlight of deserved fame.

Not long ago the German Reichstag met. The members yelled with terrific and touching unanimity: "Hoch Hitler!", saluted, and adjourned. The session lasted seven and one-half minutes, and there wasn't even a fire. Book-burning, Jew-baiting, and general imbecilities aside, Hitler has his points.

Meanwhile, in the great state of Wisconsin, you can't eat free pickles with your Pilsener, and after duly exhibiting a marriage license, you ask apothecary clerks in a hushed voice for an "indecent article" and consider yourself lucky if you are not handed the latest essay by the Kingfish or the Gloomy Dean.

NATHAN DIGESTS THE THEATRE

"THE SHINING HOUR" (Keith Winter)—The author lays hold once again of the familiar character of the alien female (gifted as usual with a mysterious sexual magnetism) who comes into a hitherto more or less placidly Platonic Anglo-Saxon household and disrupts its calm. In this case, an instinct slightly more discriminating and writing somewhat more hands than we are generally accustomed to in the theatre contrive to lift the dog-eared exhibit a degree above the ordinary. This Winter, a playwright still in his twenties, seems to have some promise, despite the fact that he fitfully writes actors instead of characters, admires bringing a curtain down on the scene in which the heroine perceives the dawn of love in herself when, suddenly entering the room, she hears the hero surprisingly playing the piano, and is given to the characteristically juvenile habit of superiorly attributing this or that person's dubious emotional philosophy to his or her youth. A capable company of English players, including Gladys Cooper, Adrienne Allen and Raymond Massey, add a glitter to the occasion that is not always in the basic materials. It is the knack of English actors in plays of this kind to make what in other hands would seem trivial take on an air of passing size.

"Sing and Whistle" (Milton Herbert Gropper)—Vincent Lawrence, in his early days, wrote a comedy called "The Ghost Between," dealing with the embarrassing persistence of the memory of an antecedent love in the protagonist's life. It was not a good play, but it was a masterpiece compared with this cheap and trashy farcical paraphrase of the same general idea. Mr. Gropper's dramatic mind still stands in need of a herobeam of Lysol.

"Richard of Bordeaux" (Gordon Davout)—A Scottish school-marm's study of the son of the Black Prince, splendid in its prose, economical and alive in its action, and genuinely effective and vitalized theatre. By all odds, the finest play of the season. For its local production—it has already been running for more than a year in London—we are indebted not to one of our established local producers, who have been busy putting on plays about ginny sex, Chekhovian cockneys, revamped Cinderellas and murderers in false whiskers, but to a former musical show actor, Mr. Dennis King, who in the leading rôle gives, in addition, a performance that—were his name John Barrymore—would be hailed by those critics who now disparage it in terms perhaps more politely reserved for the worship of Salvini, Mae West and Jehovah.

"Queer People" (John Floyd)—Stale, soiled, tabloid stuff about Hollywood dramatized from the novel of the same name by Carroll and Carrett Graham, whatever that was and whoever they are. Jim Tully's "Jarnegan," which tackled much the same materials seriously, was a hundred times better, and "Once in a Lifetime," which tackled them spoofingly, was a thousand times better. This exhibit was simply a dull sewer.

"After Such Pleasures" (Dorothy Parker)—These little sketches, dramatized from Mrs. Parker's short stories, constitute as sharp and witty scrutinies of the human animal, male but chiefly female, as the local stage has offered. In them is the cruel bite of truth, and the lovely bite of humor. "Here We Are," "Dusk Before Fireworks," and "Glory in the Daytime" are the best. The last named presents one of the most delightfully cutting portraits of an aged actress that it has been one's pleasure to engage in our local stage literature.

"Four Saints in Three Acts" (Gertrude Stein and Virgil Thomson)—The contention of Miss Stein is that sense does not matter; it is only the rhythm and sound of words that count. The contention of a number of the music critics who have reviewed her opera is that, inasmuch as one can catch very few of the words in the average opera and, not being bi-lingual, would understand most of them not at all even if one did catch them, it is of no consequence that such typical lyrics of Miss Stein's as "To know to know to love her so; four saints prepare for saints; it makes it well fish; four saints it makes it well fish" are completely meaningless and absurd. If both Miss Stein and her sympathetic critics are right—that is, if sense does not figure in the matter, if the rhythm and sound are all that count, and if in opera one can, anyway, only at very rare intervals decipher the words that are being sung—may it not be suggested that Miss Stein abandon in her future operas all such idiotic hash as that quoted—which unnecessarily grieves the intelligent and the judicious—and achieve a sound name and operatic position for herself by substituting for it such simple and beautifully rhythmic sequences as *enie, meenie, meenie, mo* or the even more simple and effective *do, re, mi, fa, so, la, si, do*? Miss Stein, further, is not sincere. Though she professes to be the arch-enemy of the apostles of meaning in the written word, she every now and again halts abruptly in the midst of her verbal monkeyshines and writes some such grammatically orthodox, clear and simple sentence as "If it were possible to kill five thousand Chinamen by pressing a button, would it be done?" One begins to believe that Gertrude is a very shrewd and sapient girl who deliberately plans her writing performances as absurdity and who appreciates that if you keep up absurdity long enough, and with a perfectly straight face, there will always be critics who will mistake the *tour de force* for some strange and inscrutable kind of wayward genius. Mr. Thomson's music is frequently amusing, suggesting at times an inspirational collaboration with George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart. But if this be modern art, three loud grandpa cheers for Rosa Bonheur, Ambroise Thomas, and Harlots' "Fantasia."

"They Shall Not Die" (John Wesley)—The Theatre Guild's fifth production of the season is fiery propaganda in behalf of the Scottsboro colored boys, so fiery, in point of fact, that it frequently blinds itself to the less obviously confagrationally but infinitely more illuminating spark of sound drama. In every respect inferior to the same author's "The Last Mile," it is more in line with the dramatic soap-boxes periodically put on view in Fourteenth Street and McDougal Alley than with the aims of an organization which professes an admiration and respect for dramatic art. What moments it has are implicit in its subject matter rather than in its playwright.

"Dodsworth" (Sidney Howard)—Save for a pantomimic scene in the most obvious Hollywood tradition, wherein Fran—after the episode with Baroness von Obersdorf—moves Grecianly with lugubrious pop-eyes toward her absent husband's bedroom door and, like a Beverly Hills Clytemnestra, in aching remorse paws the knob, an able and seasoned dramatization of the Sinclair Lewis novel. The characters and highlights of the book are transferred to the stage with much facility and the resulting play constitutes a most interesting evening in the theatre. Walter Huston, as Sam, and Fay Bainter as Fran, are admirable; and the direction of Robert Sinclair is, except for the scene noted, uncommonly intelligent.

"Ragged Army" (B. M. Dix and B. Millhauser)—Claptrap. It was happily interred in the storehouse after two performances.

"Yellow Jack" (Sidney Howard and Paul de Kruif)—Mr. Howard here again shows a handy skill in dramatizing a section of "Microbe Hunters," that engrossing book, by Sinclair Lewis' old Bierbruder, Dr. de Kruif. With the latter acting in an advisory capacity, he has evolved an actable, yet obsequiously faithful, stage transcript of the chapter dealing with the battle against the *Leptospira icteroides*.

"When in Rome" (Austin Major)—A melancholy attempt to draw a parallel between the politics of Caligula and of Tammany Hall, the scene being laid in ancient Rome and the language being that of the modern street-car conductor. No more dismally sour exhibit has befallen the New York stage.

WRITING WITHOUT TEARS

by BRANCH CABELL

IT was flattering of you, sir, to ask that I explain the unhappy lot of the American literary artist. I replied therefore by return post. And after typing out my heartbroken regrets for my inability to join in the symposium which your magazine is conducting, I began sorrowfully to reflect that this sort of nonsense is quite probably immortal.

In any case, all this public self-pitying by our less popular writers is but formally allied with facts. I think it, for example, a not irrelevant fact that the persons who are most volubly bothered by the lot of the literary artist in America nappen not to be literary artists. And in saying this I intend, I assure you, no reproach. To the contrary, so often as I hear the lamentations of Upton Sinclair and V. F. Calverton and Granville Hicks and Ludwig Lewisohn and so on, "when in a wailful choir the small gnats sing," then I reflect, with the most kindly sort of sympathy, that for years these gentlemen have been doing their very utmost to become literary artists. I mean only that in reading their bewailments of America's literary tastes one remembers at all times that the fate of these elegists, as writers, would have been equally unconducive to optimism in any other country, merely because they were born with no talent for writing. It seems unfair: but at this date, what is anybody to do about it? I mean, in brief, that you will not find any writer whom a respectable quorum of judges might rank as important, or even as a fairly competent craftsman, bewailing the lot of the literary artist in America.

Here, I admit, enters the complication that some of our now elderly and best authors (as our modest best averages) have during the not distant past made considerable money by their writing. It was an indiscretion which laid them open to being rebuked, by less fortunate persons, as degraded slaves and foul panders to the capitalist system. Such parasites, their indignant rivals might well remark, were in any discussion of aesthetics *hors concours*. (Human nature being what it is, the actual remark was a great deal more uncivil.) To-day, however, when indigence has become epidemic, under the able guidance of Col. Roosevelt's best-known cousin, this reproach is far out-of-date. To-day these cashiered hirelings, like everybody else, are earning very little money, now that the strange old American custom of buying books has perished—and still, it is to be noted, the obstinate creatures keep silent as to the sad lot of the artist in America. That is because, my dear sir, they happen actually to be artists, whom their art contents in its own special, illogical and high fashion.

For my part, in looking backward, I can but wonder at this perennial pother. Nothing, it seems to me, interferes with the American writer except his own frailty. I at least have been writing now for the third part of a century. Throughout this while I have been permitted to write exactly what I wanted to write and to publish as much of it as I desired. I have not (I pause to observe, in mere self-defense) made any ponderable money out of authorship: and for my publisher's sake I regret this. Personally, I do not see upon what grounds I should be paid for having diverted myself throughout thirty-three years hand running.

I continue to look back. I remember that what I have published in magazine form during the last thirty-three years has now and then suffered from a little genteel editing—in which, even at its silliest, the humor atoned for the prudery. I recall, for example, how Henry M. Alden (with I prefer not to imagine what shakings of his grand gray head) struck out from my text a "belly" in favor of a "paunch," on the same high principle that, somewhat later, Henry S. Canby substituted "life" where I had horrifically, but at least rationally, typed "semen." And I recollect how yet another well-known Henry blushing made complete nonsense out of one of my paragraphs by putting, at first "love," and then "sex," in place of "coition." But, almost always, this editing took the shape of excisions such as, in a great many cases, even I could see were improvements. And in any event I was left free to remedy every bit of this editing when the essay or the short story came to its final estate in book form, so that no permanent hurt was done.

Just once, I can recall also, I have found pressed against one of my books (because it appeared to speak lightly of papal infallibility) a quite frankly trumped-up charge of lewdness. Even at the time the illogic of this seemed amusing. The upshot, at all events, was a collapse of the pious fraud, in due course, with no more harmful results than to advertise this particular book at the expense of its fellows, and handsomely to increase its sales.

Well, then, my dear sir, with these negligible exceptions, nobody has ever tried in any degree to interfere with, or to check, or to color, my writing whatsoever I elected to write during the last thirty-three years. Throughout that period I have enjoyed a free hand, a quota of applause, and a gratifying belittlement by the more literal-minded. It follows that (despite some native talents for exaggerating any personal mishap) I am not able to feel martyred by my American birth or by my dependency on an American audience. So far as goes my personal experience, the American writer, during the last thirty-three years, has been permitted, and to a certain extent encouraged, to do the very best of which he was capable. And if—just now and then—that best happened, after all, not to be in every one of its features an earth-staggering masterpiece, this outcome may well have been (I suggest diffidently) not so much the fault of America's cultural crassness as of its writer's failure to start life as a genius of the first order. Occasionally, babies forget to do that.

For the rest, I incline here to resent the far too common assumption that the artist in letters has, in some way, a semi-divine right to expect from his art a living wage. That notion really is a bit too irrational to be cherished even by *Homo sapiens*, because all experience contradicts it. All literary history shows that the beginning author has entered his name in a lottery in which the haphazardly awarded prizes are few and not huge. In every known civilization the literary artist has at times earned a moderate living, as with Thackeray and Shakespeare and Virgil, and at other times has earned virtually nothing, as with Gissing and Villon and Ovid. In America the case is not otherwise: nor do I know, upon the whole, of any reason why the case ought to be otherwise.

"Literature is a fine staff, but a poor crutch," runs the old saying. I think this a profound saying: for from every standpoint of morality, as well as from the natural standpoint of his dependents, it is wicked for a writer to depend solely upon his art for his alimony. Indeed, toward his art also his first duty is to inherit, rather early in life, a large income, so that he may always write only that which he desires to write, for his own diversion. I take it that a writer who has neglected this obligation

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 3)

THE SPHINX OF THE METROPOLITAN

by KAY DELL SHIVERS

AFTER a quarter of a century the truth about the sphinx of the Metropolitan is long over-due. Too long have perspiring reporters had to place words in the mouth of Giulio Gatti-Casazza to cover up the vast silence that is the director of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Let us be frank about it. One might as well ask the Sphinx itself if it tires of the sands of the desert as to ask Gatti whether he prefers the 40th Street entrance of the old brown opera building to that on the Broadway side. The cautious Italian shields even the obvious with silence. That this is a shrewd pose more often absurd than necessary is the opinion of most music critics and newspaper reporters.

Today the Metropolitan is struggling for its very life, yet the director declines to give a bedside report to its concerned admirers. One would like to hear from the famous director something of the true conditions of opera in America. But does one? Never. He surrounds himself, instead, with a mummery that does not escape the ridiculous. His public pronouncements have been reduced to a routine and a ritual. Is he protecting himself from the touch of the vulgar? Or from the scrutiny of the astute?

Barricaded behind a labyrinth of doors, a beard and the self-erected buffer of a foreign tongue, he sits in solemn dignity in his office on the ground floor of the sooty old building. There a stage is set and a play goes on, a play as elaborate and as artificial as any on the stage out front, inspired and just as carefully staged by the director of the opera.

Italian or French is the language of the play. In arranging his interviews, Gatti takes few chances. He refuses to speak English and, if the interviewer speaks nothing else, that is just too bad, but the press agent or Gatti's secretary (who are always present) will offer to translate. Since the Wopissimo of the Metropolitan refuses to gamble on what a too sorely tried reporter might slip into his article, he also insists on reading the finished product before it is published.

Gatti's inability to speak English is curious. Newspaper clips of twenty-five years ago comment that, when he first arrived in this country, he apologized for his faulty English and then made a pun in it. But after a quarter of a century the gentleman from Italy is still apologizing because he does not speak the language of the country. It is an authenticated fact, however, that, when he chooses, the director can speak and read English with facility.

There was a necromantic atmosphere about Gatti's office when I entered for an interview. One dim light lit the room. It was a goose-neck desk lamp so adjusted that it illuminated only the desk blotter and the fourth button on Gatti's vest. One notices first of Gatti his vest, then his beard. The vest is such a vast expanse of gaudy checks enclosing the man's great trunk. The beard is an Imperial and, like his hair, heavily streaked with gray. His clothes, the conventional morning clothes which he has made the uniform of his rank. His face is pouched and wrinkled. His eyes, small and ringed. Lines do not give him a harsh strength, but through years of self-discipline he has become "formidable," "reserved" and "inscrutable."

The director had heaved his great bulk about in his chair at my entrance. He faced his desk again as his secretary, the press agent and I seated ourselves in arm-chairs about it. I stubbornly spoke English. Gatti as stubbornly spoke French. They others, being of necessity bi-lingual, translated.

"Signor Gatti-Casazza has seen twenty-five glorious years at the Metropolitan," I began tactfully. "I am interested in his reminiscences of those years. Perhaps he has memories that stand out." I paused. My words were translated. Gatti answered, "Si?"

"What performance does he remember with the greatest joy and satisfaction?"

"All of them." The interview proceeded, but only in point of time.

"What singers stand out in his memory as the greatest artists?" The director refused to be specific.

"Signor Gatti-Casazza without doubt," I said, "has his finger on the pulse of musical America. What is its pleasure and its taste? Does he believe, for instance, that there is a keener interest today in the works of American composers? Is the public evincing a desire to hear the modern operas, the contemporary works?" The director again preferred to maintain his silence.

I gulped and continued: "What kind of opera does America prefer? Does its taste run to German, French or Italian composers? What are its favorite operas?"

What kind of opera? Let the interviewer, the director said, examine the titles of the performances given year by year at the Metropolitan. The kind of opera appearing most frequently on the lists is that preferred by the public. The particular operas given most often are the favorite operas of America. The director declined to name them.

"And his own favorites?" The director had a suave answer ready: "My favorites are those of the American public."

I halted and abandoned tact and the inoffensive past. "The director refuses to discuss the past and the present," I observed. "Perhaps, then, he will prophesy the future of opera in America?" There was a pause. The question was put in French and out of his answering French came phrases—copy-book phrases—that needed no translation even for me.

"The future," observed the oracle, equivocally after the manner of oracles, "the future is the product of the present and the past. Sometimes we can foretell it. Sometimes yes, sometimes no."

Gatti had discussed the future. I sighed and left.

The next day I came with a nice little article. All was the same when I entered the dim room again. The secretary translated the story into Italian. The early paragraphs reciting the glory of the maestro's last quarter of a century served their purpose. He smiled. He protested that they said too much. But he did not order that they be deleted.

Then the smooth flow of Italian was abruptly stopped. My face was, I hoped, guileless. Gatti frowned over a sentence which seemed "vague."

Tried too sorely by the suggestion that I should examine twenty-five years of operatic programs to find America's favorite operas, I had permitted myself one sour comment hidden in the milk and honey—but Gatti caught it. "One must then," I had written, "be statistician as well as student if one would know the musical taste of America." Gatti protested gently that the meaning was not clear, and emasculated the sentence neatly.

The manuscript was returned to me with a flourish. I arose. Gatti remained seated. The director and I said our farewells. Gatti's came in English—the only inconsistency in the pose of this superb poseur:

"Goodby, Mees."

Gatti had been interviewed.

GERTRUDE STEIN

by SHERWOOD ANDERSON

AN article about Gertrude Stein, by B. F. Skinner, appeared in the January *Atlantic*. Hers is automatic writing. That was the conclusion. A pretty good case was made for the conclusion, but if you think the same result can be accomplished by anyone trying automatic writing, try it. If you happen to be a person of real talent, with a feeling for words, word relations, word color, you may get something that will surprise and please you. Otherwise you will get pure drivel. It comes to the same thing with all writing—all write as well as they can—what is there comes out.

Color sense is something you must be born with. The painter looks color and, as any good painter knows, there is form in color. A half hour with nature will prove it to you. Go to a hilltop on any day when the light is waning. There is a valley spread out before you. As the light changes, forms also change. The form of the Spring hill covered with trees is not the same as the form of the same hill, the trees splashed with color in the Fall.

Go into the woods now and begin picking up tiny bits of color. There are broken bits of tree bark, tiny stones, pieces of leaf. Hold these in your cupped hand. Let the light in slowly. See how amazingly the forms change as the light changes the color.

This matter of writing, the use of words in writing, is an old affair. How much Miss Stein has taught all of us. Let's admit, at the beginning, that there is a confusion here. Words are used to convey thought, but there is for the proseman, as for the poet, such a thing as pure and beautiful prose. At least this may be said for the arts of painting and music: the layman approaches these arts with a humbleness not in him when he approaches prose writing. We prosemen have both the handicap and glory of using man's speech as tools, and I have often heard sentences on the street that glow like jewels. There are critics, in this country, and I presume in all countries, who spend their lives writing about writing and who can never, by any chance, know anything about it. You can't be blamed if you are born color blind.

When it comes to that, the same thing can be said about a good many writers.

Musicians and painters often have this attitude toward writing and in particular toward prosemen. A man like Hemingway writes a sentence. The poet can make sentences. He is one of the few American writers who can.

Don Marquis says:

גייט צום שיינעם
אויף א פיינעם אופן

about

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

A severe catechism, no doubt,
but read Mr. Marquis's letter:

To the Editor of The Saturday Review:

Sir: I have a serious complaint to make of *The Saturday Review of Literature*. It is not pedantic enough. It is not academic enough. What I want in a literary review is more the point of view of the learned pundit. As far as humanity is concerned, I can supply that myself. When I formulate for myself a literary opinion, I need a review which will contain words and phrases from which I can select a verbal costume, which will cover my ideas with the dress of authority. *The Saturday Review of Literature* seems to think that literature has some connection with life, and that almost anyone may have his opinion of it. I want a review with more weighty tradition, and more classical quotations in it. I consider *The Saturday Review* a dangerous precedent in reviews. People are able to understand what its writers publish; even people who do not use Ph.D., LL.D., and S.O.S. after their names. When I can comprehend everything a review, I know that it has deserted the ancient cultural standards. I should like to know where you think the ancient landmarks are, and point out to you that the rapids are before you; and ask you, *Whither Are You Drifting?* Can't you get a little Greek type, or some of these Hebrew letters which look like false teeth, and sprinkle them through your pages? If I were to write a book, and it were disapproved of by a reviewer who did not use some classical quotations here and there, I would not feel rebuked at all. In fact, I once did write a book, and a fellow made a wise crack in Sanskrit about it; and I never wrote another book, so you see learning does do some good in a review. I should think you would have in your offices one of those big dictionaries which have a lot of classical quotations in the back of them, and that you could dig out enough to look classical, even if you don't feel that way. You may think I am an isolated case, but there are thousands of other readers of yours who are just practically going to hell, in a cultural way, on account of your lax policies.

Don Marquis

DO you agree with what Mr. Marquis says, or with what he means? If you want a literary review which is pedantic and too easy to read, then be warned—*The Saturday Review of Literature* is not for you. But, if you "think that literature has some connection with life," if you want to keep posted on all the latest news of books and publishing, if the idea of an illustrated, literary weekly, with an editorial staff including Henry Seidel Canby, Amy Lawrence, George Stevens, William Rose Benet, and Christopher Morley appeals to you, then, perhaps you should join us in perpetrating what Mr. Marquis considers such an egregious editorial error. Then, you will subscribe to *The Saturday Review*.

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To be sure, there is something else to writing. Writers also deal with thoughts, impulses in themselves, and other men. It is possible to have a very fine mind, fine impulses, great earnestness, profoundly affect a civilization even, while writing miserably.

A musician, a composer, walking with me, spoke of his art and of my own. He said he envied me. We were standing on a bridge. "There is water flowing under the bridge," he said. "How very simple. You want your reader to know about the water. You say, 'The water runs under the bridge.' There you are."

It is simple, isn't it? A good many books are written in that spirit. As though we writers did not work always for the unnameable overtone—to be got by word color if you please. A few so-called great writers have written without ever touching it. Melville had it, and Borrow—Turgenev superlatively. These are your great writers—writer's writers. They would all have appreciated what Stein has been doing.

This nonsense about automatic writing. All good writing is, in a sense, automatic. It is and it isn't. When I am really writing, not doing as I am doing now, thinking the words out as I go, making an argument, but am really writing, it is always half automatic. There is something stored within that flows out. When you drive an automobile you are not necessarily, at the moment, thinking automobile.

As I write, I am outside the world of reality. Here is a confusion many minds seem unable to get past. The world of art, of any art, is never the real world. The world of the novel, of the story, is not the world of reality. There is a world outside of reality being created. The object is not to be true to the world of reality but to the world outside reality. You want color—word color—that brings vitality also into that world.

In this world, when it is successfully created, everything counts. Word is laid against word as carefully and always instinctively as any painter would lay one color against another. Have you got it? You have or you haven't. Thinking, consciousness, will not do it. To a good many people all I am saying here will be nonsense. You have been told that Rembrandt was a great painter. Do you know why? A painter should know. You may say what you please to me about the personal character of Mr. George Moore. You may like the man, his mind or his character, or you may not, but if you tell me he was not a very great writer, in a way, for example, that a thousand Thomas Hardy's could never be, then I am sure you know nothing of writing.

Stein is great because she is a releaser of talent. She is a path-finder. She has been a great, a tremendous influence among writers because she has dared, in the face of ridicule and misunderstanding, to try to awaken in all of us who write a new feeling for words. She has done it.

"Take the word outside so-called 'sense' for the time if you please," she has said. "Let the word-man in you come forth, dance for a time." For example, it is true of me, as I know it must be of any man who loves writing, that I have at times great difficulty in making the escape out of reality, so-called, into what is the great reality.

It is necessary for the writer to go out and come in by the path of words. The word sense has to be brought back. Color lies in the word, form in the color. There have been ages when all painting was dull and drab. Whistler was a bad painter. He had no color. If you please, he had too much mind, or what he thought was mind. It took a Cézanne to bring color back. "Oh," they cried, "but he has no form. He cannot draw, etc." Hang the Cézanne in your room. The form will come into it. Go from the painting of Madame Cézanne to Whistler's Mother. Now see where the form is, where the drawing.

"The trouble with Stein is that she doesn't make sense."

"Whose sense?"

Wait. Stein is a revolutionist. If we ever get again a world that knows what pure writing is, the sense and form in Stein's work will come through. She also will stand as a restorer of "the word."

WOMEN UNDER DICTATORSHIPS

by KATHARINE ANTHONY

Author, "Feminism in Germany and Scandinavia,"
"Catherine the Great," etc.

THE present dictators of Europe have under them in all cases more women than men. And yet the present dictators are all men. Why? The question is difficult to answer. The simple fact is that Ghazi Mustapha Kemal, Benito Mussolini, and even der schöne Adolf are none of them women. Quite empirically speaking, women do not seem to vault to this overwhelming eminence, or shoot up so over-night.

Millions of women in Europe are living under dictatorships. The effect upon their private lives is incalculable. They are subjected daily and hourly to a kind of standardized violence, for authority in this form is violence. Whether the decree be helpful or harmful, it carries with it always an impoverishing effect upon the human spirit.

The spectacle of women in Europe leaving their homes, or going back to their homes, at the behest of the dictator is dizzying. Mustapha Kemal rushes the sex forward a hundred years, while Hitler rushes it backward that far. Mussolini alternately does both. The first and greatest decree of these men is silence. So we see millions of women under them conforming to the re-ordering of their lives without a word of protest or comment. The effect is that of an extremely busy mass-movement that goes on somehow soundlessly and lifelessly.

The dictators have taken the place of the feminist leaders. The latter have retired or have been forced into exile. Halid Edib is in England; Helene Stocker, Anita Augsborg, and Lida Gustava Heymann are in Switzerland; the Italian feminist who would dare show herself in public has not been found. Women from the reactionary ranks have been tried in high places and have been found wanting. None but the dictator himself, or a trusted henchman, can fill the place of those he has suppressed and exiled.

What could be more remarkable as a spectacle than the sight of Dr. Paul Goebbels standing before a huge gathering of women and expounding woman's mission? In the mouths of Hitler's lieutenants, this doctrine becomes the most fantastic and third-rate poetry—the poetry of adolescents and government officials. It is not as if Goebbels and the others stopped to explain the government and its rulings to a group of simple intelligences; it is as if the Pope spoke enunciating infallible doctrine. They are imitation-women—like their prototype—expounding, not the

kind of abstractions about which they might conceivably know something, but giving practical advice in a field about which they know nothing. No sensible woman can be found to preach to other women the over-wrought sentimentality which Hitler's government preaches nowadays.

One gets the impression that the dictators are animated by a great hatred against life. One cannot but believe that these men are profoundly unhappy in their private souls. With Hitler it is not even a secret that he fears and hates women. He must therefore countermand every principle and ideal that they have striven for in Germany for the past thirty years. No co-education, no birth-control, no equality of the sexes is tolerated in the Nazi state. The women's organizations which once pursued these aims and similar ones have silently dispersed and vanished. Hitler will force the women of Germany, including the two million surplus in the population, into the Procrustean bed of woman's historic mission!

The Italian dictator is, rather surprisingly, a husband and the father of five children. His life has the normal social and biological outline, and certainly his psychology and personality are very far above the standard set by Hitler and his associates. He is sometimes much embarrassed by the actions of his northern colleagues. When the Hitler government sallied forth recently to destroy the menaces it found in cosmetics, cigarettes, and bathing-suits and brought the weight of its official prestige to bear upon this campaign, Signor Mussolini was extremely annoyed. "Revolutions must guard against ridicule with the greatest care," was his comment.

The Italian dictator remains, however, a man of mystery. It is hard to penetrate behind the Caesar's mask he wears. Just why, for instance, has he proceeded so rigidly against women in general? With little publicity he has taken them out of almost all paid employments, deprived them of the vote after having given it to them, and preached against birth-control by singling out for prizes families of fourteen children. Fascism in Italy has driven almost all women back into the home. The dispossessed have received little notice. Signor Mussolini dominates the news. He is a man of gesture and front. He appears on the movie screen and in the newspaper columns as the successful actor, *Il Duce*, and behind this apparent Mussolini the real Mussolini is lost.

He does not wear his heart on his sleeve as does poor ghost-besridden Hitler. But his life permits at least one guess. The man who has once followed the path of idealism and then turned sharply out of it into an egoistic course always raises a question as to his inner harmony. Mussolini was once a Marxian socialist. He was nourished on the hope of a social revolution. He prefers to speak of Fascism now as "Revolution" and frequently does so, though there is no justification for his use of the term in the actual facts. He is moreover not above the hocus-pocus of symbols: the black shirt, the salute, and so on. There is too much poetry in his revolution, and bad poetry at that. It leads one to suspect the genuineness of his belief in it.

The women of Turkey live under Mussolini's great pupil, Kemal. Ghazi Mustapha Kemal has been in power ten years. The trend of things has necessarily been opposite to the trend in Italy. Women have been led out of the harem and introduced into many occupations. They have abandoned the veil. They dress like Europeans. *They reduce*. This is hailed as emancipation, though it probably represents to Kemal merely westernization. He has given women the vote because, under the circumstances, they will naturally use it for the dictator and his policies; and he has filled the newly-opened factories with the women whom he has emancipated from home.

The change no doubt had to come to Turkey. The Pasha has simply been the instrument and the means of greater dispatch. While the rest of Europe has looked on with delight, and has hailed the change as progress and increased civilization, individual Turkish women have paid the cost in personal suffering. It is a fact that the number of suicides among women has been great.

The man who stands at the head of the Turkish republic is not a man of mystery like Mussolini, but he is less well-known to us. The world is still large, no matter how often the aviators tell us the contrary: Kemal's life reaches to our reference books only with the details of his political administration. But that omniscience in the New York Public Library which somehow learns our middle names, no matter how much we try to conceal them, conveys the fact that the Turkish dictator was once married but is now divorced. Kemal introduced divorce into his country and, like Henry VIII, was one of the first to profit by his own reform. Since then he has been a lone warrior. These data usually argue personal unhappiness, and there is no reason to suppose that Kemal has escaped the general rule.

Logically, women should keep their poise and balance under a dictatorship. Since they do not ever, or but rarely, spring into the position of dictators themselves, they should not sink into the abject attitude of worshippers. One likes to believe that there is still a wide stratum of thinking women throughout all these countries who, silent in the midst of an avalanche of changes, still form and maintain their own opinions. If they have ever demonstrated patience, they must now be doing it.

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CAPITALISM COLLAPSES

by C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

NEW YORK, June 23, 1941.—At 2:15 yesterday morning the great Capitalism Structure, so-called, collapsed with a roar that was heard for many miles. A crowd estimated at 5,000 gathered at the scene and ten men dressed in what were once police uniforms made every effort to keep order, but with little success. So strong was the curiosity about what could be found and salvaged in the ruins that the tremendous dust cloud which the collapse had raised had hardly begun to drift away on the early morning wind before swarms of men, women and children were working frantically to remove the rubble of stone and get at the furnishings of the huge establishment, long a matter of profound interest to the historically minded. Beginning at about 2:45, when John Harrison Levintosh uncovered a bronze bust later identified as one of Uncle Daniel Drew (early nineteenth century railroad dealer), a steady stream of plunderers were to be seen fleeing to their hovels, ignoring the anguished pleas of the Historical Society representatives. The scholars were disappointed in the hope that the police, to whom they had been supplying food and lodgings for some years, would protect their interest in the wreckage.

What had not been foreseen, however, was the rapidity with which a crowd would collect. Hardly five hundred people live

within a radius of a mile of the great structure which dominated Lower Manhattan and these are mostly illegally resident in the crumbling buildings which were once the pride of our community. Every effort had been made to drive people from the vicinity of the Capitalism Structure on the theory that no one could possibly know which way it would tumble once it fell. Prophets of equal merit argued for the left and the right and the authorities made every effort to safeguard life by ordering a sufficient area in both directions closed off. But so desperate have many become in these last few years that any shelter has appeared as better than none, and they have crowded into the forbidden area.

Fortunately, all predictions were belied and the Structure fell in upon itself, becoming simply a huge mound of twisted steel and stone. The result was that a large crowd from nearby quickly collected and some enterprising individuals, knowing the widespread interest the news would create, bribed the operator of the flashlight signals in Lower Manhattan with the promise of meals for a week to communicate the information to the Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens and New Jersey. Before dawn, individuals and groups began to risk their lives on the precarious bridges to get to the scene and those who gave the bribe were rewarded, for they served as guides, through the maze of still clear streets, to the fallen Structure.

Though the ruins have as yet not been fully explored, only one life is known to have been lost. The body of a man known as J. P. Morgan IV was found crushed to death in the Structure, to which he had a strong sentimental attachment based on his family connections.

The most likely theory explaining the extraordinary way in which the final collapse occurred seems to be that of Debs L. Coolidge who declared that long study of the problem had convinced him that the building could fall in no other manner. Our readers will perhaps recall his article on the subject five years ago. Mr. Coolidge pointed out that in the early thirties the owners were persuaded to allow the Roosevelt Construction Trust to erect a series of props around the Structure, concealed within the adjoining buildings. Though these did not prove reassuring either to experts or to the tenants, who abandoned their quarters, they did keep the Structure upright and, to the unskilled eye, perfectly sound. As Mr. Coolidge now reasserts, these props were sufficiently strong to sustain the building against the terrific storms which alternately tilted it to the left and right in recent years, to the despair of all concerned with the public safety, and no way of collapse remained except inward from its own weight. Such finally proved to be the case.

We could discover but one eye-witness of the disaster. J. J. Ore, who was late getting back to his shelter after a hard night guarding the potato patch he helps cultivate in Central Park, was passing the Structure when, he says, "It suddenly crumpled up like a man falling down from hunger. You could have knocked me over with a feather." It is a matter of regret that so tremendous an event should have occurred before the eyes of a man so inarticulate. In this connection we must censure the Historical

Society for its negligence in not providing a literate watchman who would have been able to record the details. Even the risks involved were no adequate excuse for this carelessness and we are as little impressed by the plea that at this time of the year all members take turns working in the Society's gardens and consequently are too tired for special work at night.

In an early issue we hope to publish authentic details of what systematic study of the ruins may reveal, as well as a sketch of the Structure as it appears today. The picture could not be prepared for this issue because of the absence of our artist on farm duty in Central New Jersey.

WRITING WITHOUT TEARS

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 3)

must expect to see both his art and himself suffer. For when once he has put his muse to work to support him, then he becomes in some sort a pimp; and he is but too apt to develop a melting eye for pragmatic values. He observes, perhaps, the more liberally paying magazines with new charity; or he turns, it may be, from regarding his own indigent household with compassion, to regarding Hollywood with envy.

Nevertheless, my dear sir, in no symposium as to the sad lot of the artist in America will any truth-loving, writer who has attained middle life elect to shed typographic tears. He knows that, to the contrary, in America his lot has for a great while been enviable. Year in, year out, he has done precisely that which he wanted to do, the despair and the reprehension of the thrifty. To-day those few of his thrifty advisers who are neither in prison nor, as yet, out on bail, are in bankruptcy. But the confirmed writer (to whom bankruptcy can reveal at worst only the trite features of a long familiar neighbor) is whistling in his writing room now that he sets to work, with a large contentment, upon his some-and-twentieth book.

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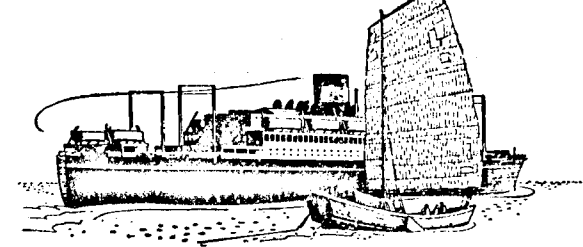
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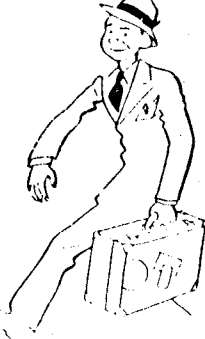
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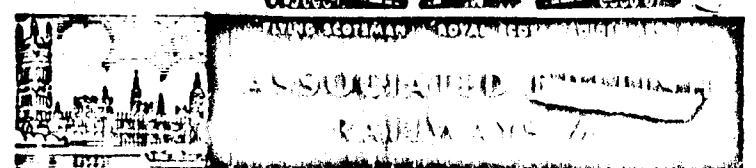


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BOYD DIGESTS THE BOOKS

"THREE NEW PLAYS." (Bernard Shaw.) New York: Dodd, Mead. \$2.50—One of the three, "Too True to be Good," has been seen in New York; "Village Wooing" and "On the Rocks" remain to be seen. In none of these instances can it be said that the play's the thing; theatrical entertainment for veteran Shavians, perhaps, but little more. The two prefaces, however, are in the grand Shavian manner: exasperating, original, brilliant. Their bite is much worse than their bark. People who believe that dictatorships are merely matters of brown or black shirts, castor oil or anti-Semitism, will be as bored by Shaw as he is bored by believers in profiteering, neo-Thomism, royalism, and parliamentary democracy. Reading the venerable St. Bernard, one's chief regret is that none of the counter-irritants has one-half of his wit and dexterity of mind. Imagine a Chesterbellocian or a New Humanist at the age of seventy-eight. Too bad to be possible.

"James Joyce and the Making of 'Ulysses'." (Franz Budgen.) New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$2.50—The exegetists of Joyce have for some years been a vast entertainment to the initiated and a subject of respectful comment in refined literary circles. Here, at last, is a straightforward piece of commentary, helped by first-hand biographical information acquired without a thought of its subsequent use. The author met Joyce in Zurich during the war, in the most inauspicious circumstances, and their friendship was not that of the usual coryphaeus and the Maestro. Consequently, it is a pleasure to read what Mr. Budgen has to say, even though he neither illuminates unimportant obscurities, nor wears one with that ceaseless ingenueness which constitutes the ingenious charm of most of the commentators. The one intelligent book on the subject, it suffers from a faint defect—if the manner of the exegetists be permitted—there is an error of detail. The Empire bar in Dublin was the place where Pat Kinsella's musical hall once stood. Mr. Budgen confuses this establishment with the Empire music hall, which was alive and flourishing in 1904.

"They All Sang." (Edward B. Marks.) New York: The Viking Press. \$3.50—A man who can list as an appendix the 1545 songs outstanding in his memory is obviously qualified to tell the story of popular song hits, from Tony Pastor to Rudy Vallée. The details of the business of putting over songs is as interesting and as complicated and as insane as the business of promoting any other enterprise addressed to mob taste. Without the aids of modern science, radio, movie and general ballyhoo, Mr. Marks and his colleagues worked marvels. So much so that their proudest achievements far outnumber those of their equivalents today and are remembered when most of the latter are already forgotten. The most surprising fact is Marks' almost complete omission of male, as opposed to female, English music hall stars. Marie and all the other Lloyds are here, likewise Vesta Victoria and Vesta Tilley, but where are Arthur Roberts, Wilkie Bard, Dan Leno, Little Tich, R. G. Knowles, George Lashwood, George Grossmith, Jr.?

"A History of Modern Culture: The Enlightenment." (Preserved Smith.) New York: Henry Holt. \$5.00—The second volume of a larger work, this is an independent and highly competent survey of an exciting period in Western civilization, the years between 1687 and 1776. It has a particular interest at this time because the period in question embodies every human aspiration which the twentieth century seems determined to frustrate. In the new Middle Ages the Enlightenment arouses the same nostalgic longings as classical antiquity did in the humanists of the Renaissance.

"Letters to the New Island." (W. B. Yeats.) Cambridge: Harvard University Press. \$2.50—Edited by Horace Reynolds, these essays contributed to *The Boston Pilot* and *The Providence Journal* by W. B. Yeats, between 1889 and 1891, are an interesting footnote to the history of contemporary Anglo-Irish literature. They reveal the youthful Yeats as an excellent journalist and throw a great deal of light on the beginnings of the Irish literary Renaissance.

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